

GRAFT.

Some Side Lights on the Subject by Judge Moore

The following is the response of Judge C. F. Moore to a toast at the Waldorf-Astoria at the annual meeting of the American Paper and Pulp Association:

Until a few days ago we had expected the Senator Daniels, of Virginia, would be with us this evening and speak to us, but we received a letter from him stating that it would be impossible for him to leave Washington this week, and he expressed his disappointment that he would be unable to keep his engagement. Fortunately we have many friends. This evening one of those good friends, the genial counsel of the West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company, has graciously consented to lay aside that high and mighty aloofness which is characteristic of his profession and mingle a while with the good fellows of the paper trade and their friends. He is widely known as an authority upon all legal questions which have a bearing upon our industry, and many of you will recall his masterly and convincing treatment of those burning questions—Paper Makers' Promise and Why the Paper Has Not Been Shipped. (Laughter.) He prepares for his company those well known and skillfully worded telegrams apparently promising the immediate shipment of the paper for which the raw material has yet to be hewn from the virgin forests. (Laughter.) Tonight he will address himself to that topic which is no so much in the public mind—and which I take it is appropriate on this occasion, not because we practice the art, but for the reason often times we see the relation of the subject of his speech is "Graft," and I take great pleasure in introducing Hon. Charles F. Moore, of Virginia. (Applause.)

Response of Hon. C. F. Moore

Mr Chairman—For the purpose of relieving the management of this dinner of the responsibility of the calamity which is now about to befall you I shall take the liberty of doing what can seldom be justified that is, make public a correspondence which was entirely personal, and in a sense, confidential. A few days I received this, a portion of which I shall now read:

"My Dear Judge Moore—I am in a peck of trouble and am writing you to help me out. We have advertised four speeches at our dinner and had engaged all the talkers. I am now advised that Senator Daniels is prevented from attending on account of pressing official engagements. It seems to me that our dinner is vastly more important than the deliberations of the United States Senate. But be that as it may, the Senator thinks otherwise. I have asked everybody else I could think of and so far failed to secure a substitute. As a last and only result I am compelled to request you to play the part. I am aware the invitation is extended at a very late hour, but you need not feel called upon to make any preparation because most of our people know and will not, therefore, expect much. (Laughter.)

"Kindly let me hear from you at once.

"Yours very sincerely,

"W. N. CALDWELL."

"P. S.—Your compliance with the request need not of course, interfere with your arrangements to pay for the ticket you have already ordered."

I notice at the top of the page the letters "G. T. C." which I am advised mean "Good till canceled."

I immediately wired as follows: "W. N. Caldwell, U. S. A.—Your flattering proposition is hereby accepted. How long must I talk, and what shall I say? Please send sample and detail information."

Then I received a second letter reading as follows:

"My Dear Judge Moore—I

have your acceptance. Make speech as short as possible. It makes no difference what you talk about, because by the time your part of the program is reached the audience will not be able to discriminate. (Laughter.) I understand you live some distance from the Waldorf. Enclose find two Subway tickets.

"Yours very truly,

"W. N. CALDWELL."

"P. S.—You can arrange to have your drinks and cigars served by our waiter. It's nobody's business if you do pay for them."

Some of my friends begged me to give up after dinner speaking at the beginning of the year. So I swore off, and this is why I am at it again. You know we all love to do the things we've quit. Next year I am going to renounce work on New Year's Day; then I may be able to accomplish something. The only "swearing off" that is worth a cent in New York is swearing off one's taxes that is worth millions. (Laughter and applause.)

Do you know why some of us do so much talking after dinner? Well I am going frankly tell you. We selected that time to get in our work because no hungry nor sober crowd would stand for it. When a man is well fed and well saturated he is usually slow to resent an injury and displays a great deal of patience and forbearance.

But I am expected to say some thing of Graft. It greatly embarrasses me, I assure you, to respond to this toast in acquaintance with the subject far greater than my own. (Laughter.) Yet it matters little what one's toast may be. A toast is simply a given point from which one starts but in no way indicates the direction he may take or how far he may go. It gives you no more idea of the speech which is to follow than the promise of a promising young man gives you the life he afterwards leads; no more than the platform of a successful political party gives you of the administration which succeeds election. You remember how Private John Allen, of Mississippi, illustrated the purpose of a political platform. He relates how, on one occasion, he was traveling through the south and stood on the platform of the rear coach that he might get a better view of the country through which the car was passing. The colored porter approached him and said, "You got to git inside de car, Colonel; you can't ride out here." "Why," said Allen, "is there any objection to my standing on the platform here?" "Suah, dey is," replied the porter "dat platform is made to git in on, 'taint made to stand on." (Laughter and applause.) So with this toast; it is merely the report of the starter's pistol announcing that the speaker is off—and usually he is a way off. (Laughter.)

Since this assignment was made I have made developed some interest in the subject of Graft, and have endeavored to get some information concerning it. But I have obtained very little help from any source. I sought advice from some of my political friends in both parties, but none of them gave me any satisfaction. They seemed to fear that I wanted to go into the business, too, and were not inclined to give away their trade secrets; while others that I approached, on advice of council declined to answer. And why shouldn't they heed the instructions of their attorneys, for your attorney, like your family physician, is supposed to know what is good for you. A gentleman in a southern town met an old colored man one morning whose wife was known to be seriously ailing.

"Good morning, Sam," he said "how's Caroline this morning?" "Caroline's gwine to die; thankee boss," replied Sam. "But how do you know she's going to die?" "Cause the doctor he 'lows she is and he knows what he's given her." Thus you can appreciate the difficulty I have in gathering information.

I likewise find the literature on the subject exceedingly limited and unsatisfactory. Not a great while ago a book was put on the

market by an ex-member of the New York State Senate. His training and associations should certainly qualify him to speak upon what he has seen fit to call "Honest Graft"—a term which is absolutely meaningless. We might as well talk about righteous sin.

As a last resort I turned to the dictionaries, and found them comparatively silent, though suggestive. Webster tells us a graft is a small shoot or branch of a tree inserted into another tree which derives its life and support. According to this distinguished lexicographer; therefore, a man who gets his support out of someone else is a grafter.

The word, I find, is of well established use in the terminology of modern surgery. You frequently read of a wound being healed by grafting the skin of one person on the body of another. Therefore, skinning a man is a grafting process; in fact, any sort of a skin game is graft.

In practical life all terms are defined to suit the peculiar conditions of their use, or the preconceived views of the definer. You perhaps recall the definition of the word "oats" as given by the celebrated English authority, Dr. Johnson, who was violently prejudiced against his Scotch cousins. "Oats," he said is a variety of grain which in England is fed to horses and cattle, and in Scotland is eaten by the people themselves." (Laughter.) Now, our broad minded Americans do not have that sort of prejudice. I have observed among them a great and growing fondness for Scotch.

In this same way we ourselves call things by different names when differently applied. Certain spoken of as "business sagacity" or "shrewd financiering," when exercised by a large operator in Wall Street, we call "larceny" when practiced by some defenseless \$9 a week clerk on any other street. Likewise there are certain supplementary sources of income which we refer to as "perquisites" or "by-products" when coming our way but "graft" when going to the other fellow. It depends largely on the direction in which pointed—whether coming or going. It is always important to be pointed right, as was discovered by a dog on a certain occasion. A colored man carrying a pitchfork was passing a farmhouse when attacked by a boisterous dog. He made use of the fork and quickly dispatched the cur. Then the infuriated owner of the late dog ran out and said: "What do you mean by killing my dog; why didn't you use the other end of the fork?" "And why in the devil didn't your dog come at me with the other end," replied the man with the fork.

The fact that it is only within recent years we have heard of graft must not lead you to believe the practice of the art is entirely modern. A great many things are now in name only. It has not been many years since we first heard of appendicitis, but men and women had it long before it was introduced into fashionable society under that aristocratic name. Our less pretentious ancestors used to poultice it and administer Radway's Ready Relief and called it cramp colic. (Laughter.) They died and got well under the treatment just as they do now under the most scientific and expensive methods of the operating table. So the terminology of crimes and misdemeanors has undergone a marked change in recent years, but wrong doing itself has always existed under some name or other. So early, indeed, in the history of our race did the disposition to graft make itself manifest that the first written laws formulated for the guidance of human conduct took notice of it. If you will some day take the pains to look up that ancient and obsolete code you will find it contains this distinct declaration: "Thou shalt not steal." If you do not have ac-

CASEY AT THE BAT.

It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day. The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play. So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same, A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving the rest, With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast, For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that," They'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat.

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake, And the former was a pudden, and the latter was a fake, So on that striking multitude's deathlike silence sat, For these seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

Not Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all, And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball," And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred, There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.

Then, from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell, It rumbled in the mountains-top, it rattled in the dell; It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat; For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place; There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face. And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat, No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt, Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt; Then while the New York pitheer ground the ball into his hip, Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air, And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there. Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar, Like the beating of storm waves on a distant shore. "Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some on the stand, And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised a hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone; He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on; He signaled to Sir Timothy, once more the sperd flew; But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud," But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed. They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The meek is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate; He pounds his fist upon his thigh, he glares upon the plate. And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go, And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright; The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light; And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout; But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

cess to the book it can be seen in the National Museum at Washington. (Laughter.) That statute has never been formally repealed, nor has it been declared unconstitutional by a court of competent jurisdiction, though it has been modified and softened in its application and with many has fallen into "innocuous desuetude." Men do not steal to day. Occasionally some poor, awkward fellow commits larceny, but if it is done on a scale sufficiently magnificent he is an embezzler, and if he does it skillfully he is simply a grafter. (Laughter.) Many men believe implicitly in the adage "The Lord helps them who help themselves," and to secure this assistance they never fail to help themselves when an opportunity offers. A colored preacher was once discoursing to his congregation on the necessity of personal endeavor as supplemental to prayer. "I always takes notice," he said, "that when I axes de Lawd to send me a chicken, and then sets down and waits for him to fetch it, dey ain't no chicken goin' to be had. But when I supplicate to him to send dis nigger after dat fowl and den goes, trustin' in de Lawd, dat prayer is shure goin' to be answered if dey one left, on de roost." (Laughter.)

Many believe, too, in making the best of their opportunity in getting most out of life. An old negro was for two years employed by a clergyman to work his garden. He worked it well and the garden produced abundantly, but he had the habit of carrying home with him all that was produced. Finally he sought new employment and asked for a recommendation. His employer gave him one, which read as follows: "The bearer, James Johnson, has been in my employ as a gardener for the last two years, and I can truthfully state that during that time he got more out of my garden than any other man who ever worked it." (Laughter.) That same testimonial might be given a great many upon their retirement

from office or other positions of trust. That we hear so much of graft and that it so extensively prevails is not, in my opinion, because men are to day born with greater organic depravity than in the past. They do not inherit baser instincts nor stronger tendencies to crime. It is, as I believe, the inevitable result of false ideals of life and standards of honors which have been set up, largely by the very men who so much complain of being the victims of graft. The age in which we live is distinctly commercial, and its thought and tendency distinctly mercenary. The material is exalted above the immaterial, and the almighty dollar is the standard unit by which men are measured. A man's success is gauged by the size of his bank account. The average man does not have to proceed far along life's way until he discovers that the ordinary processes of accumulation are wholly inadequate to meet the colossal requirements of this unholy ambition to get gain. Dreading to be reckoned a failure, he at first reluctantly, then boldly, resorts to methods which his better instincts would scorn, but for what he deems the necessity of the situation. Impelled by the spirit of the age, instead of being satisfied with his just portion of this world's goods, each struggles to acquire that which by right belongs to his neighbor, and while engaged in this effort he neglects to use for the good of himself and others the competence at hand. The story of each day's frantic endeavor in the busy marts of this world is full of pathos and tragedy. When the account is balanced at nightfall fortunes and homes and characters are found to be ruined forever, all because men are not content with what belongs to them.

But sometimes I fear we are too indiscriminate in denouncing men and methods. Our moralizing is not always prompted by the sincerest motives. It is easy to persuade yourself that another who

has accomplished more in life has done so by improper methods. A man accumulates wealth and his less fortunate or less efficient competitors line and cry "graft," or "Where did he get it?" Nine times out of ten the fellow who calls for an accounting may be effectually silenced by dividing with him what you possess, and he little cares where it comes from. We should not forget that the same law which declares "Thou shalt not steal" also says "Thou shalt not cover." The cure for graft lies in "Rendering unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's" and giving "Honor to whom honor is due," and teaching the world that still "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Sheets-Galford

A very pleasant and nicely arranged social event, was witnessed at Hotel Mason at 10:30 A. M. Wednesday, March 14th 1906, when Mr. Griffey Amos Sheets, and Miss Bertie Louella Galford were united in marriage by Rev. Wm. T. Price D. D. The groom is a son of Mr. George Sheets of Buckeye vicinity, and is a very popular young man, and is an employe of the West Virginia Spruce Company, at Casp. The bride is the only daughter of Mrs. Agnes Galford near Casp, and is a much esteemed and attractive young person. The parties were chaperoned by Charles E. Wilfong, acting also as best man for the groom. Misses Lucy Chestnut and Lillie Beverage, were maids of honor. The bridal party took the evening train for the home of the bride where a reception awaited them, congratulations and showers of rice, being much in evidence, upon their departure. My the hope and wishes of numerous friends, be realized by these young people in their henceforth blended lives.

Friel-Ray

At noon, Wednesday March 14th, 1906, a very enjoyable social occurrence came off at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Ray near Clover Lick, when Mr. George Friel, and Miss Hannah Jane Ray were joined in holy matrimony by Rev. Dr. William T. Price of Marlinton, officiating minister. The groom is the older son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Friel of the Clover Lick vicinity and is a young citizen of good prospects, and for whom every body seems to have a good word. The bride is the youngest daughter of the family, and is a prepossessing young person. Mr. George B. Ray, brother of the bride, acted as the groom's best man. There were no maids of honor, owing to some unforeseen hindrance. The bride was attired in spotless white and carried an elegant bouquet of fresh flowers sent her by Mrs. Lou Coyner. After the ceremony a very beautiful dinner consisting of a great variety well prepared was much enjoyed by forty or more persons, young and old. These industrious young persons after spending a few days in visiting friends at Hillsboro, expect to go at once to keeping house. May peace, prosperity, and a long happy life, be allotted the worthy young persons, such as they are.

We get no more seeds for our votes. The house committee on agriculture by a vote of 8 to 7 decided that no more free garden seeds are to be distributed. This is a great blow to us. We see in it the hand of the great seed trust that is now trying to throttle the garden industry of the country. We will have to make other arrangements for our seeds. And if we have to buy our own seeds what the use to vote. The only solution of the problem is to work on election day instead of loafing around the polls and expend the wages in garden seeds. For many centuries war and pestilence and the strong hand ruled. No garden seeds were distributed. Then came civilization and peace and plenty, marked by the distribution of free seeds. Now we are to be plunged into a barbaric state again.

ROCK OIL.

discovered when boring for salt water

Fifty years ago petroleum was not commercially valuable. It had been known for ages. Plutarch mentions a naphthalene. The ancient Egyptians used to burn it in lamps. Pliny mentions the oil spring at Agregetum, Sicily, and states that the oil was gathered from this spring to burn in lamps. Genoa was lighted by oil from the well of Amiano. The Americans Indians collected the oil and sold it as a cure all under the name of Seneca oil.

It was found on the Indus river and there were a number of perpetually burning pagan shrines that are supposed to be oil springs set on fire at their source.

The origin of the vast stores of petroleum in the earth reservoirs is not certainly known. Most geologists have a theory that it was formed by the action of water on heated metallic carbide.

In 1854 it was only so called a medicine and it was this way that Professor George H. Bissell, of Fairmount College, had his attention attracted to the product. He believed that it was a raw material from which many valuable products could be manufactured. The following is the table which was on the bottle of rock oil analyzed by Professor Bissell:

400	400	400
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1848 discovered in boring for salt water near the bank of the Alleghany River, in the Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, about four hundred feet below the earth's surface, is pumped up with the Salt Water, flows in the Cystern, floats on top, when a quantity accumulates is drawn off into Barrels is bottled in its natural state without any preparation or admixture. 1849 wonderful medical virtues discovered. For particulars get a circular.

S. M. KIER, Proprietor, Pittsburg, Jan. 1st, 1852. 400 400 400

Professor Bissell organized a company to bore for oil and sent a man by the name of E. I. Drake to Titusville to bore a well. He struck oil at the depth of about 400 feet and this well produced 1800 barrels in two years a great deal of which was sold at 65 cents a gallon. It was afterwards deepened to 500 and more oil was gotten. Drake stayed eight years in the oil business and accumulated \$16,000. He then went north and lost his money speculating. In 1873 the legislature granted him a pension of \$1500 per year as the discoverer of oil. He died in 1881 and in late years a monument was raised to his memory in Titusville.

About the same time a salt well was put down near Marlinton. An explosion of gas wrecked the well and diverted the salt spring so it has never flowed since.

The oil fields were developed very rapidly in Pennsylvania and wells producing as high as 4000 barrels a day were struck at very moderate depths. In the beginning of the year 1880 oil was \$30 a barrel and in the end of 1881 the price had fallen to ten cents a barrel.

Report of Brush School.

Boys enrolled, 7; girls 13. Average daily attendance, 19. Scholars neither absent nor tardy Mary Bright, Stella Wilfong, Hester Wilfong, Mary Wilfong, Mamie Wilson, Mary Ann Fields, Seebert Wilfong, Fred Lightner, Willie Crowley, Charles Douty. Absent one day, Susie Douty, Lula Wilfong, Nellie Douty, Flora Wilfong and Marum Wilfong.

We feel that the patrons are taking a great interest in our school and are helping to make it a success by the regular attendance of the pupils.

LUCY C. SMITH Teacher.

In the court house fight in Mercer County, between the city of Bluefield and Princeton, the present county seat, the latter place won by a majority of about a thousand votes.

Scene On Valley Fork.

Pat quit his work one morning To meditate 'tis true, To give the teacher warning Of something he would do.

Some weeks ago he bolted As he had said before: "The teacher must do as I say, Or I will take the floor."

He lives besides some neighbors Their names though I'll not tell, Who gave him great inducements To make this teacher yell.

Pat heeded to their pleadings And pulled his coat right there, Walked over the schoolhouse To pull the teachers hair.

The teacher met him at the door And bid him walk right in, Says he, "my friend, what is the news?" Said Patty to begin.

Said Patty in bad humor You licked my little son, If this thing is repeated We'll say "war has begun."

Then Mr. Swecker smiling Began to make a speech, He gave the gent to understand He knew just how to teach.

The scholars all got frightened And dashed out at the door, Left the two combatants Contending for the floor.

For sometime things were lively Upon that schoolhouse floor, When Patty grabbed the coal bod To make that teacher roar.

The teacher is no scrapper, He knew it would not suit For Pat to use the coal hod So he whacked him on the snoot.

When all were in confusion And it seemed there would be blood Miss Rose appeared upon the scene Ar and with an ugly cub.

This little maid had often heard Of battles fierce and wild, Of Gettysburg and Sherman's ride When she was but a child.

So calling all her courage up She swung her club around, Her straight and well directed blows

Soon laid them on the ground. The neighbors heard the racket, George Frielwell did appear, He saw the field of carnage But found the coast was clear.

Since then there's been no trouble, The school it closed in June, For Stella with that ugly club Kept everything in tune.

In another county, one day last fall, a young man called on his sweetheart and was shown in the parlor. After a time the young lady came sailing into the room and the young man was so moved by the sight of his beloved that he threw both arms around her and kissed her. She screamed

a low tone of voice and ran out of the room to tell father. When she hit the back porch she very unexpectedly ran upon the old man who was wiping out his shot gun preparing to go hunting. He wanted to know what was the matter and she being surprised and having nothing else to say, told him that John was in the parlor and wanted to see his new gun. The old man went stepping into the parlor with his gun which so terrified the young man that he sprang through the window and escaped. The old man thinking that he had gone crazy started after him. The young man got clear away and the girl had to write a twenty page letter explaining the affair. They have since been married.

A bill has been signed by the President providing for a commissioner to mark the graves of Confederate soldiers who died in Federal prisons. General Shelby, of Birmingham, Alabama will probably be named.

Two census bureau experts have been detailed to assist the Board of Public Works of West Virginia in assessing the railroads. Heretofore they have been assessed at \$30,000,000. A recent bulletin issued by the census bureau places their value at \$202,000,000.